

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

[illegible]

It should be a cause of extreme gratification to the earnest worker after truth that the controversy raging over the merits of the league of nations has at last reached a level of blimfgate that will enable those who have been handicapped heretofore, by a lack of knowledge of the content of the new international covenant, to come into upon its discussion in a manner peculiarly adapted to their political traditions and distorted habits of mind.

On the eve of a state and national election it is especially significant that those who profess to be most greatly concerned over a Democratic victory should seek by denunciation of the league to drive voters to the party which they think is weak and servile enough to be scourged from the party by this tirade of abuse and invective he will deserve the denunciation they will heap

Conditions in Ireland seem to be growing worse instead of better. The country is said to be prosperous, but the people are dissatisfied and in a bad humor. A condition very nearly approaching civil war exists, and even soldiers are shot down as well as civilians.

Londonderry is a city of nearly 40,000 population, famous for its linen and other industries. Here disorder rules, and bloodshed is of daily occurrence. Londonderry has known of bloodshed before. In the seventeenth century

If there were not so many Americans to keep each other company, they would be very lonely and miserable, for abroad they are not loved any more than the proverbial fat man.

The Democrats have selected a city

UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORY

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

Uncle Wiggly, the bunny rabbit gentleman, was out walking in the woods one day. He was with Jackie and Peetle. Wow, the puppy dog boys, when they came to a place where a long wooden bridge crossed a stream.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly as he saw the board. "This must have fallen from a lumber mill. Perhaps, Grandpa Whackum, the beaver gentleman, was drawing to build a new bridge." Jackie and Peetle cried, "Whackum does not want it! I shall keep it for myself."

Uncle Wiggly picked up the board, though it was rather hard to carry on account of his red, white and blue striped shirt. He carried it home to use because of the pain in his left hind leg.

"Don't bother with such a big board!" barked Jackie.

"No," added Peetle, "You can't carry such a big board. And it will only be a bother. Besides, what good is it, Uncle Wiggly?"

"I never can tell when you might want to use a nice, long, smooth board like this," spoke the bunny gentleman. "I'll keep it for you, just in case you need a nice ironing board."

So Uncle Wiggly balanced the board on his back and went home. Jackie

"I want soon! I want soon!" howled the Bazoopa.

"What's 'Run!'?" cried Uncle Wiggly. So he ran and the puppy dog boy ran, but it was hard work for the rabbit gentleman. He ran all the way to the board, And the Bazoopa ran after them.

Just as Peetle soon they came to a willow brook; Jackie and Peetle could swim across, but Uncle Wiggly couldn't.

"What's 'Run!'?" cried the Bazoopa. "You can't get over to water!"

"No, ho! Can't I?" laughed Uncle Wiggly. Then he laid down the long board, made a bridge of it, crossed it over the water and swam across. Jackie and Peetle had swam across, the bunny quickly picked up his board bridge.

"What's 'me!'?" cried Jackie and Peetle. "Uncle Wiggly. And as the Bazoopa could not swim and Jackie and Peetle could swim, he didn't get the bunny's sense that day. So you see it was good Mr. Wiggly. And if the rubber on the end of the pencil doesn't fit, it's a baseball and a basketball. Well, I'll tell you one about Uncle Wiggly and the caterpillar."

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

GRETECHEN.
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Margaret in any other language just as fair and popular a name. In Germany she is called Gretchen, which (German) calls her Margarethe, accepting her as the same beautiful name while the English people prefer the name Gretchen. But the teutonic influence is strong and it places its stamp indelibly upon the name. Gretchen is a name straightaway cut in two parts and the latter syllable was contracted to Gretchen. Gretchen is a name which figures in a novel "Malerchen." Out of this latter novel a play was produced and rendered classical by Goethe in his immortal "Faust," where the unfortunate heroine is called Gretchen. In the German people, instead of Margaret, Gretchen is the name.

The word has equivalent form and meaning in many languages. Gretchen is sometimes used instead of Gretchen. It was very fashionable in the time of Klopstock's sway over the lovers of genius poetry.

The pearl is Gretchen's talisman. It will bring her charm, affection and manly love. It will preserve her beauty, according to ancient superstition. Monday is her lucky day.

When an effort was made the other day to get a story out of Senator Johnson, the defeated candidate for the Republican nomination replied: "I have nothing at all to say. I am going to my home in California, sit on the front porch and look down into the bay. Maybe after I have sat there awhile

"I understand he never swears when playing golf."
"That's true. He's very mild mannered."
"He must play a great game."
"I wouldn't say that. If I play

—Yes, for government ownership a sell out to "Uncle Sam."

There's one thing I've always wanted to ask you about your life in France, she said.

Over the protest the wages of salary of Samuel Gompers was raised by the American Federation of Labor at its recent meeting in Montreal from \$10,000 to \$12,000 per annum, and the secretary of the organization from \$7,500 to \$10,000, and the organizers were given a raise to \$7,500, or a sum equal to the paid congressmen and United States senators. This is the way that labor chooses to meet the high cost of living.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER, JIGGS - YOU LOOK LIKE BAD WEATHER?

STICK AROUND - I'M GONNA BEAT UP DUGAN AN' GOGGAN FOR LAST NIGHT'S REMARK ABOUT ME.

THEY'RE A COUPLE OF TOUGH BIRDS - BUT IT WOULD TAKE THAN THE TWO TO LICK YOU - I'LL SAY THAT.

I COULD LICK THEM IF THEY WOZ TWICE AS BIG!

COME ON - CASEY OR WE'LL BOTH GET BEAT UP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER - ARE THEY BRINGIN' A GANG?

NO - I SAW N... TURNIN' COR...

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BY HELEN ROWLAN

ON THE SWEETER SE
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dicate, Inc.)

To a woman at 18, marriage
adventure; at 22, a career;
goal, and at 40, a haven.

A woman's youthful love af
never so thrilling and romantic

Everything comes to the way
waits; but, by the time it ar
is usually either too mad to spe
or waiting for—some other ma

Eye may have had nothing to
leaf to wear; but, at least, she
delightful consolation of know-
no other woman could come
weeks later in a cheap imitation

A clever woman could make
of almost any man—if he would
stall her by falling in love with
little fluff with one brain cell
in a fool of himself.

A woman's enemies never smile when she's down. They meet aside and look gleefully on while friends do it.

A man asks only to be re-
happy some of the time. But
thinks that life is a failure, if
"unreasonably happy" every
the time.

And then again, given a sw
a becoming hat, and no
hair, any woman can be per
—if she has a lot of oth